hot as molten lead, & as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword. Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe, Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies, Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuēg'd. I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way: ſo, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly. let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. *Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie, make vp, Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will doe ſo: my Lord of Weſtmerland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I doe not need your helpe, And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this, Where ſtain'd nobilitie lies troden on, And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iob. We breathe too long, come, cooſen Weſtmerland, Our duetie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me, Lancaſter, I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit: Before, I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn, But now, I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him holde Lord Percy at the point, With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for Of ſuch an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the Douglas, fatall to all thoſe That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou That counterfetſt the perſon of a king?

Kin. The king himſelf, who Douglas grieues at heart, So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met And not the very king: I haue two boyes Seeke Percie and thy ſelfe about the field, But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily, I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet, And yet, in faith, thou beareſt thee like a king, But mine, I am ſure, thou art, who e'r thou be: And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of W

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes: It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee, Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace? Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent, And ſo hath Clifton: ile to Clifton ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while: